



10c

ALL NEW STORIES

FEB. NO. 213



ACTION COMICS

Featuring
**"PAUL PAXTON,
ALIAS
SUPERMAN!"**

THIS COSTUME
IN YOUR CLOSET,
MR. PAXTON, IS
THE FINAL PROOF
THAT **YOU ARE
SUPERMAN!**

HE *KNOWS*
HE'S NOT
SUPERMAN!
WHY DOESN'T HE
DENY IT?



FREE!

BRITISH AFRICAN STAMPS

AND ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET



ALL MINT!

ALL NEW!

ALL YOURS!

Here's one of those "chances of a lifetime" to make yours the most talked about stamp collection in town! That's right!—rush coupon now for this unique offer—scarce, unused 2-color newly-issued Elizabeth II stamps from exciting African countries like Basutoland, Nigeria, St. Helena, the Gold Coast, Gambia . . . many others! These *genuine*, all different stamps are among the most desirable we've ever offered—no collection should be without them! Think how quickly they will grow in value, yet they're yours now absolutely **FREE!**

And that's only part of it! Also included is a **FREE** copy of our popular helpful illustrated "Stamp

Collector's Guide"! **PLUS!** in handsome color, a beautiful reproduction and the fascinating story of the World's Rarest Stamp!—even more! Now you can start a special collection of beautiful stamps from the obscure Falkland Islands with a **FREE** ½ penny stamp with full details on how to get more! Would you believe all this could be yours absolutely **FREE?** Well, just clip the coupon and see—by return mail, too! Other valuable offers also included for your free inspection. But hurry!—this is a limited time offer! If coupon is clipped send 10¢ for postage and handling to **GARCELON STAMP CO., Dept. NCDB** Calais, Maine. And act *now!*

PLUS..

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THE WORLD'S RAREST STAMP
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Only here can you get the fascinating story of how an English schoolboy, in 1873, discovered a stamp in British Guiana and sold it for only \$1.50. Today this bit of paper is worth more than \$50,000! Get your **FREE** reproduction, in color, of this rare stamp! Offer may be withdrawn soon, so — **MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

PLUS..

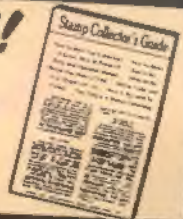
**START YOUR
FALKLAND ISLAND
COLLECTION NOW!**

As part of this amazing offer, we'll send you this valuable ½ penny Falkland Island stamp. With it will be an interesting history of these obscure English Islands showing 8 more of these stamps and full details on how to get them **FREE!** A rare treat indeed!



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Rush me **FREE** African Stamps, Rarest Stamp Souvenir, Falkland Island Stamp, Stamp Collector's Guide, and other offers for inspection. Enclosed is 10¢ for postage and handling. (PLEASE PRINT)

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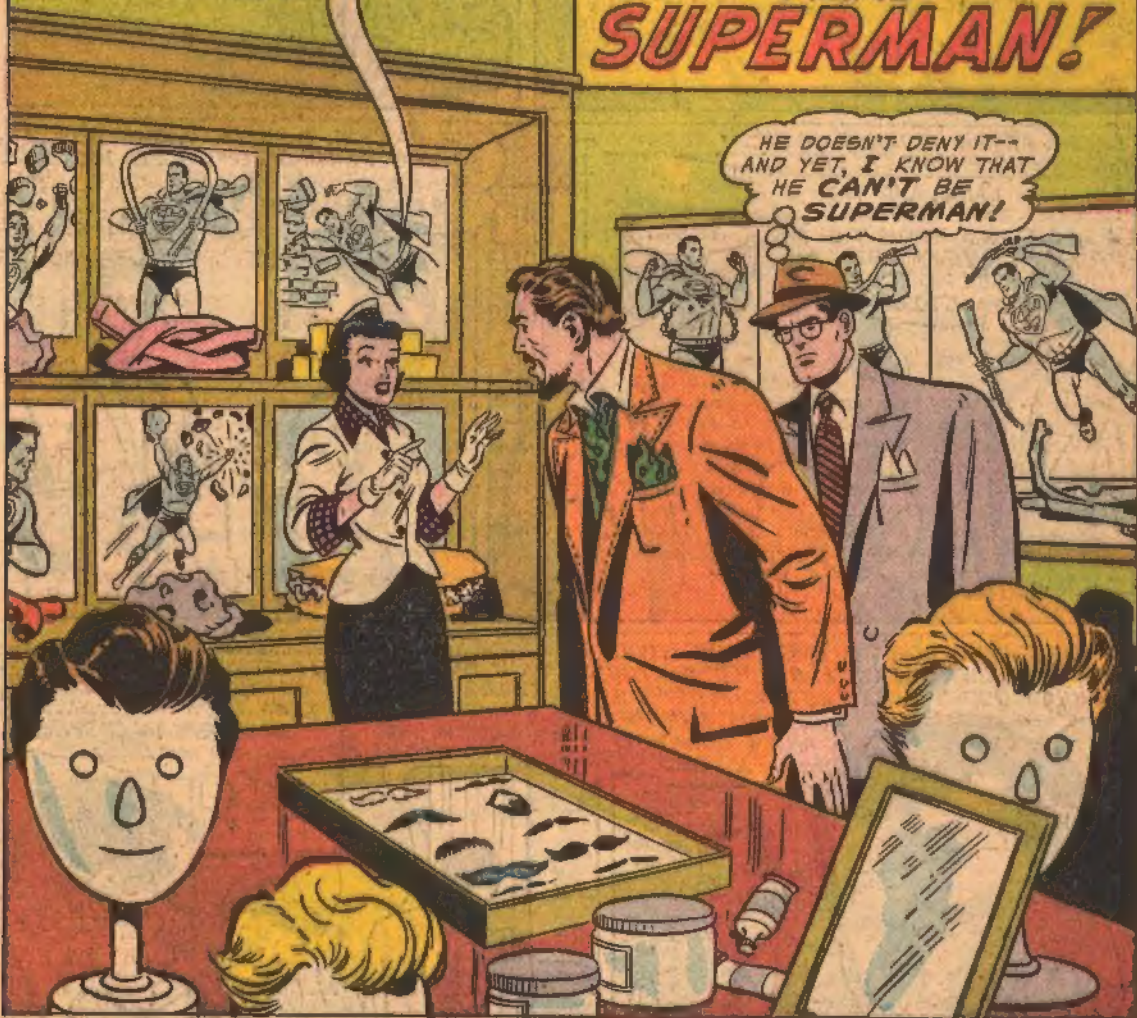
SUPERMAN

WHO IS THIS STRANGER WHO "DISAPPEARS" EVERY TIME **SUPERMAN** IS NEEDED?... WHO SEEMS ABLE TO FLY--AND WHO KEEPS A SECRET TROPHY ROOM OF ALL OF **SUPERMAN'S** EXPLOITS? CLARK KENT, YOU SAY? THEN TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT HIM, AND YOU'LL DISCOVER THAT HE'S NO ONE YOU'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE! IN FACT, YOU'RE LIKELY TO BE JUST AS CONFUSED AS THE MAN OF STEEL HIMSELF IS, WHEN HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH...

PAUL PAXTON
ALIAS
SUPERMAN!

THIS TROPHY ROOM IN YOUR APARTMENT POSITIVELY PROVES IT, MR. PAXTON... YOU ARE **SUPERMAN!**

HE DOESN'T DENY IT-- AND YET, I KNOW THAT HE **CAN'T BE SUPERMAN!**



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IN THE DAILY PLANET OFFICES, ONE MORNING, EDITOR PERRY WHITE GIVES HIS STAR REPORTERS, CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE, A TOP ASSIGNMENT...

MAYBE THAT ANONYMOUS TIP SOMEONE PHONED ME ABOUT PAXTON IS RIGHT, MAYBE IT'S WRONG! IT'S UP TO YOU TWO TO FIND OUT!

WOW! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

NOW REMEMBER-- WHEN YOU SEE PAXTON, COME RIGHT OUT WITH IT! ACCUSE HIM RIGHT AWAY... HE MAY BE TOO SURPRISED TO DENY IT!

GOOD IDEA, CHIEF!



LATER, AT THE ADDRESS GIVEN BY PERRY'S ANONYMOUS PHONE CALLER...

I'M LOIS LANE, AND THIS IS CLARK KENT! WE'RE REPORTERS FROM THE DAILY PLANET! ARE YOU MR. PAUL PAXTON, THE ACTOR?

YES...

MR. PAXTON, THERE'S NO USE DENYING IT-- WE KNOW THAT **YOU ARE SUPERMAN!**

OH? HOW DID YOU FIND OUT...? ER... I MEAN...



I MEAN... UH... HOW DID YOU FIND OUT SUCH A RIDICULOUS THING?

STRANGE... WHY SHOULD PAXTON ACT SO FLUSTERED? HE ISN'T **SUPERMAN**-- AND I OUGHT TO KNOW!

THEN, AS THEY ENTER THE APARTMENT...

I--I'D BETTER PUT THESE... ER... DUSTING RAGS AWAY IN THE NEXT ROOM!

DUSTING RAGS, HE SAYS! NOTICE THEIR COLORS? THEY LOOK MORE LIKE A **SUPERMAN COSTUME** TO ME!



WHEN THEY ARE ALONE, LOIS POINTS TO THE DOOR...

THOSE DENTS IN THE WOOD? PROBABLY MADE BY A HAMMER, LOIS!

OR BY THE KNUCKLES OF A **STEEL FIST!** AND THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO HAS A STEEL FIST--**SUPERMAN!**

NOW WE CAN TALK! ER... NICE WEATHER WE'VE BEEN HAVING, EH?

OH, YES--IT'S JUST **SUPER!**



JUST THEN...

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR A SPECIAL BULLETIN! **SUPERMAN**, YOUR HELP IS NEEDED TO FIGHT AN ICEBERG MENACE! CALLING **SUPERMAN**...

HMM...

HMM...

CALLING **SUPERMAN**.

YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW! I-I JUST REMEMBERED AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT I HAVE TO KEEP!

AN APPOINTMENT WITH SOME ICEBERGS, I'LL BET!



WHEN THE TWO REPORTERS REACH THE STREET, THE FAMILIAR SCREAM OF RUSHING AIR REACHES THEM...

WHD-OOSH

METROPOL HOSPITAL

HOSPITAL ZONE
LOUD NOISE
PROHIBITED

HEAR THAT, CLARK? DON'T TRY TO TELL ME IT'S A ROCKET! THAT'S THE SOUND OF **SUPERMAN** TAKING OFF--AND IT'S COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF PAXTON'S APARTMENT HOUSE!

LOIS, YOU'D BETTER GO BACK TO THE OFFICE AND TELL PERRY WHAT WE'VE FOUND OUT SO FAR! I-I'LL MEET YOU THERE SHORTLY!

RIGHT, CLARK!

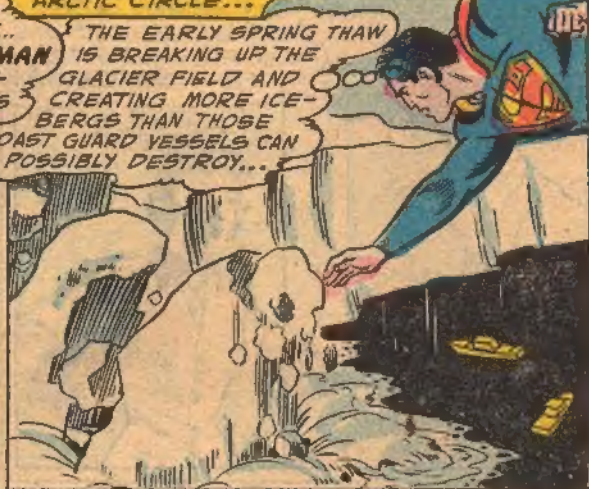


INSTANTS LATER, SAFE FROM PRYING EYES, CLARK KENT QUICKLY WHIPS OFF HIS OUTER GARB...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT PAXTON'S GAME IS--YET... BUT THE ONLY **SUPERMAN** KEEPING AN APPOINTMENT WITH ICEBERGS WILL BE ME!

OUTRACING THE WIND, **SUPERMAN** FLASHES THOUSANDS OF MILES NORTHWARD, TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE...

THE EARLY SPRING THAW IS BREAKING UP THE GLACIER FIELD AND CREATING MORE ICEBERGS THAN THOSE COAST GUARD VESSELS CAN POSSIBLY DESTROY...



...SO FIRST I'LL SHATTER THE ICEBERGS THAT HAVE MANAGED TO GET PAST THE COAST GUARD CANNONS!



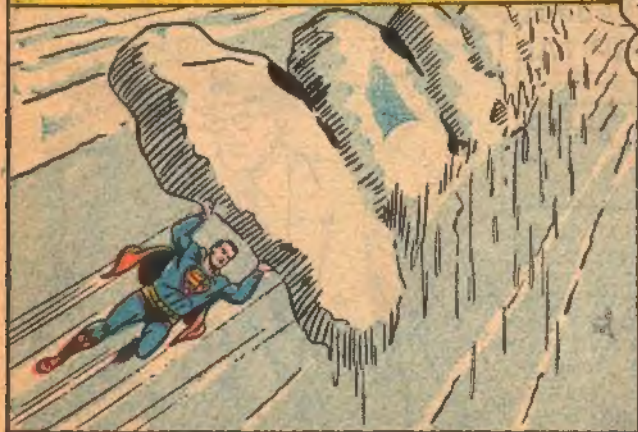
NOW I'LL GET RID OF THE 'BERGS BREAKING OFF FROM THE GLACIER FIELD, BY HURLING THEM INTO SPACE!

FINALLY, WITH ALL THE GIGANTIC ICE MASSES HURLING FROM THE EARTH'S SURFACE, **SUPERMAN** GOES OUT AND GUIDES THEM TOWARD THE SUN, WHERE THEY MELT INTO DROPLETS OF WATER...

LATER, UPON RESUMING HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY, HE RETURNS TO THE **DAILY PLANET**...

I THINK I'LL DO SOME RESEARCH ON PAXTON'S BACKGROUND! WE MAY HAVE SOMETHING ON HIM IN OUR FILES!

OKAY! MEANWHILE, I'LL TRY HAVING ANOTHER TALK WITH PAXTON!



AS CLARK HUNTS THROUGH THE CRAMMED FILING CABINETS...



PAXTON'S HAD A VARIED CAREER... HE'S BEEN A REPORTER, A PHOTOGRAPHER, A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, A TV ACTOR--AND HAS NO CRIMINAL RECORD!

IN THE MEANTIME, AT PAXTON'S HOUSE...



BACK FROM YOUR TRIP TO THE ARCTIC, I SEE! ALL THE ICEBERGS UNDER CONTROL NOW?

I...I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!

SUDDENLY...



OH, MY GOODNESS! I--I DIDN'T REALIZE...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I JUST CAME BACK FROM A HUNTING TRIP, AND I MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO UNLOAD MY RIFLE!

DON'T FRET ABOUT IT... ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN! THE BULLET MISSED ME... NO HARM DONE!



BUT AS THE MAN DRIVES AWAY, LOIS NOTES A FURTIVE MOVEMENT BY PAXTON...



WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO HIDE...? WHY... IT'S A FLATTENED BULLET!

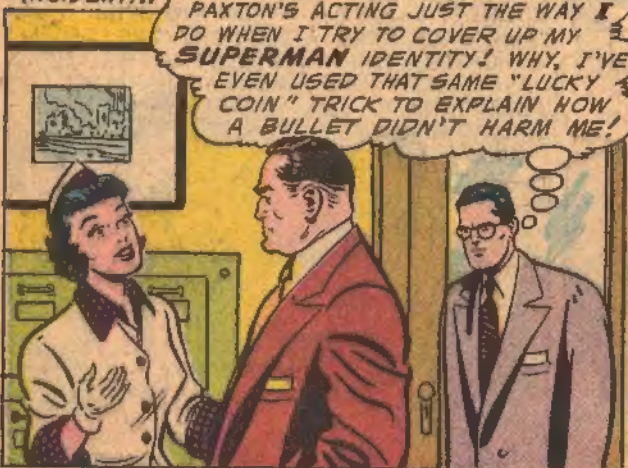
THAT BULLET **DIDN'T** MISS YOU! IT FLATTENED AGAINST YOUR CHEST--UNLESS YOU HAVE ANOTHER EXPLANATION, MR.... MR. **SUPERMAN!**



CAN THIS BE TRUE? CAN PAXTON BE ANOTHER **SUPERMAN?**



LATER, AS LOIS TELLS PERRY AND CLARK OF THE INCIDENT...



"IT WAS SIMPLE! BY EXERTING **SUPER-STRENGTH** ON ONE FINGER, I GOUGED THE COIN AND SIMULATED A MARK THAT A BULLET MIGHT HAVE LEFT!"



ALL AT ONCE, FROM A SPECIAL RADIO OUTLET IN THE **DAILY PLANET** OFFICES...



ONCE ALONE, CLARK AGAIN SWITCHES IDENTITIES AND STREAKS SKYWARD...



SOON AFTER, AT THE WEATHER BUREAU...

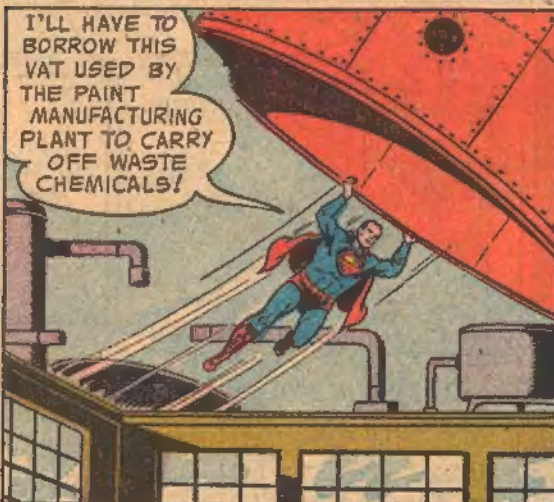


HURRICANE HANNAH IS SWEEPING THROUGH **CIVIC CITY!** YOU MUST STOP IT BEFORE IT DOES MORE DAMAGE-- AND BEFORE IT REACHES **METROPOLIS!**

MOMENTS LATER, AS **SUPERMAN** REACHES THE AWESOME JUGGERNAUT THAT LEAVES A TWISTING TRAIL OF HAVOC...



SUPER-STRENGTH ALONE WON'T BE ENOUGH! I'LL HAVE TO COMBINE IT WITH SOME **SUPER-SCIENCE!**



I'LL HAVE TO BORROW THIS VAT USED BY THE PAINT MANUFACTURING PLANT TO CARRY OFF WASTE CHEMICALS!



NOW--BY RUSHING UP THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE TWISTER AT **SUPER-SPEED**, I CONVERT THE TANK INTO A GIANT **AIR PUMP!** IT CREATES A VACUUM THAT SUCKS THE TWISTER UP IN THE AIR!

AS THE STORM DISSIPATES, THE OBJECTS CAUGHT UP IN ITS BODY BEGIN TO FALL FREE...



THESE WILL HAVE TO BE RESTORED TO THEIR PROPER PLACES!

MEANWHILE, A VERY PERPLEXED **LOIS LANE** KEEPS HER VIGIL ELSEWHERE...



PAXTON'S HOME! THEN HE CAN'T BE **SUPERMAN** SINCE HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME!

BUT AS TIME PASSES, THE ZEALOUS GIRL REPORTER DECIDES TO FOLLOW UP A HUNCH...

PAXTON HASN'T TURNED A PAGE OF THAT BOOK FOR 15 MINUTES! IN FACT, HE HASN'T EVEN **BUDGED** FOR 15 MINUTES...



JUST AS I THOUGHT... IT'S A **DUMMY!** NO WONDER HE CAN BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME! THIS IS THE BIGGEST STORY OF MY CAREER... I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT'S IN THE NEXT ROOM!

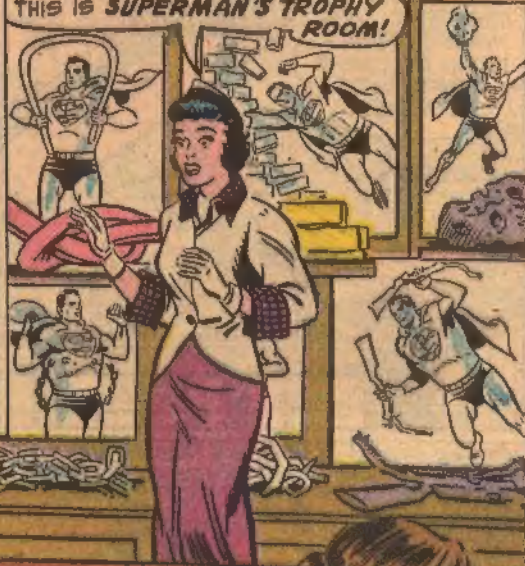


ENTERING THE MYSTERY ROOM, LOIS FINDS HER SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED...

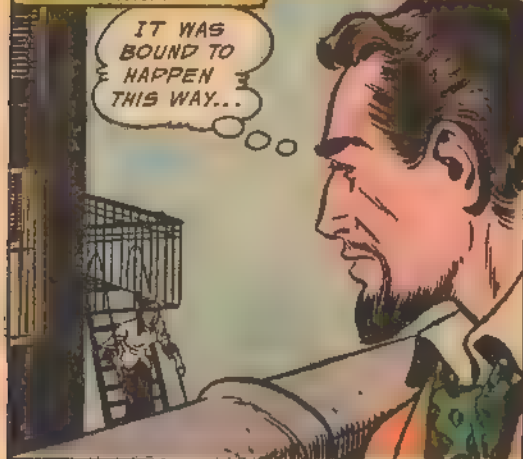
WIGS, FALSE BEARDS, MAKEUP, ODD COSTUMES... EVERYTHING PAXTON NEEDS TO CREATE NEW IDENTITIES!



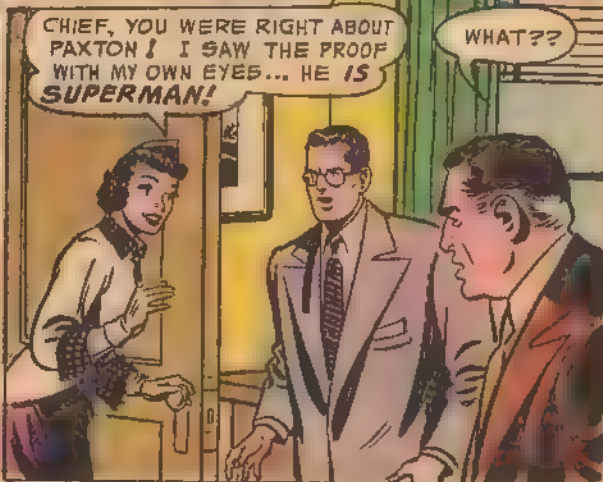
THOSE PICTURES--THOSE **SUPER-SOUVENIRS**... THE FINAL PROOF OF PAXTON'S SECRET IDENTITY! THIS IS **SUPERMAN'S TROPHY ROOM!**



EXCITED BY HER INCREDIBLE DISCOVERY, LOIS LEAVES--UNAWARE THAT EVEN NOW, SHE IS BEING WATCHED...



AND A LITTLE WHILE AFTER CLARK KENT RETURNS TO THE DAILY PLANET.



SWIFTLY, LOIS TELLS WHAT SHE SAW...

I TOLD YOU I'D DISCOVER **SUPERMAN'S** IDENTITY ONE DAY! AND TO THINK I USED TO SUSPECT YOU, CLARK!

WHAT AN EXCLUSIVE! THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER STORY OF ALL TIME-- **BUT WE CAN'T PRINT IT!**

SUPERMAN'S CAREER IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN A NEWSPAPER EXCLUSIVE! IT HAS TO REMAIN A SECRET SO HE CAN CONTINUE TO FIGHT CRIME EFFECTIVELY! HIS SECRET MUST REMAIN **OUR** SECRET, TOO!



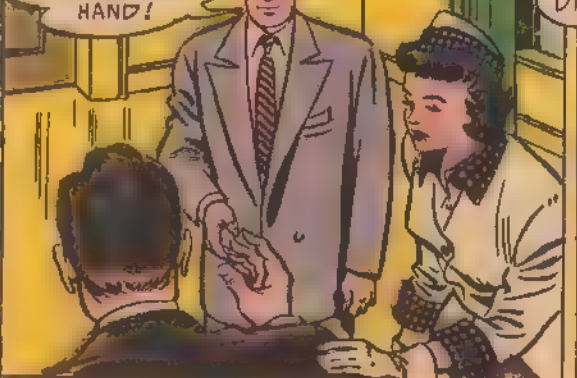
PERRY, I'M SURE **SUPERMAN** WOULD APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR HIM! I'D LIKE TO SHAKE YOUR HAND!

CLARK'S RIGHT, CHIEF! YOU'RE THE GREATEST!

I JUST REALIZED-- I'M HUNGRY! CLARK, YOU CAN TAKE ME TO DINNER!

UH... ALL RIGHT, LOIS!

AFTER DINNER, I'LL MAKE SOME EXCUSE SO I CAN LEAVE AND PAY A CALL ON PAXTON! IT'S TIME I FOUND OUT WHAT KIND OF GAME HE'S PLAYING!



SOME TIME AFTER THEY LEAVE, PERRY WHITE RECEIVES A VISIT FROM...

SUPER--I MEAN, PAXTON! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

A FAVOR! I'M INTERESTED IN THE CASE OF SPADES RIKER, THE GANGSTER WHO'S JUST BEEN ARRESTED!

I UNDERSTAND HIS TRIAL COMES UP NEXT WEEK, AND YOU HAVE SECRET EVIDENCE WHICH WILL CONVICT HIM!

YES--I'VE GOT SOME RECEIPTS AND BILLS THAT TIE HIM TO CERTAIN RACKETS! I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM TO THE D.A. AT THE TRIAL!



I'D LIKE TO READ THE EVIDENCE, BUT I CAN'T BECAUSE YOU HAVE IT IN A LEAD-LINED SAFE...ER... I MEAN... IN A SAFE!

X-RAY VISION WON'T WORK ON A LEAD-LINED SAFE, EH?

OPENING HIS SAFE, PERRY WHITE HANDS PAXTON THE EVIDENCE...

YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT TO GIVE ME THIS?

IF I CAN'T TRUST YOU WITH IT, WHO CAN I TRUST, EH, SUP... I MEAN... PAXTON!



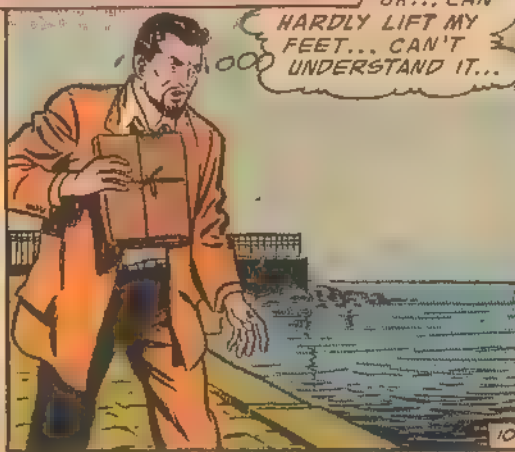
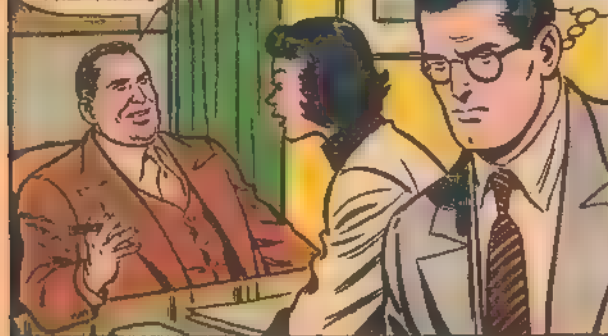
LATER, WHEN CLARK RETURNS WITH LOIS, PERRY WHITE TELLS OF PAXTON'S VISIT...

...SO I GAVE HIM THE EVIDENCE! WITH **SUPERMAN** WORKING ON THE CASE, SPADES RIKER HASN'T A CHANCE TO BEAT THE RAP!

NOW I KNOW THE REASON FOR PAXTON'S LITTLE GAME! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

LATER, PREPARING TO THROW THE EVIDENCE INTO THE RIVER, PAXTON WALKS TO THE WATERFRONT-- BUT SUDDENLY...

UH... CAN HARDLY LIFT MY FEET... CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT...

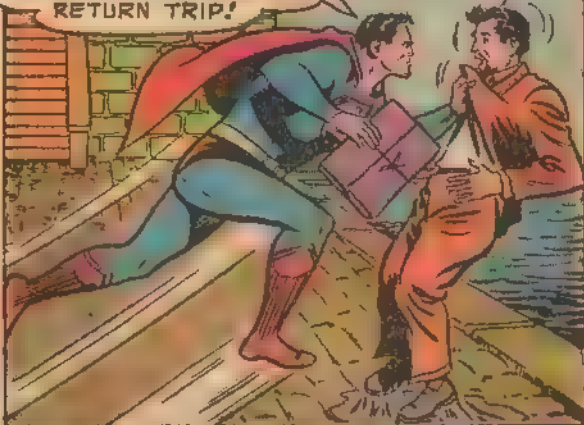
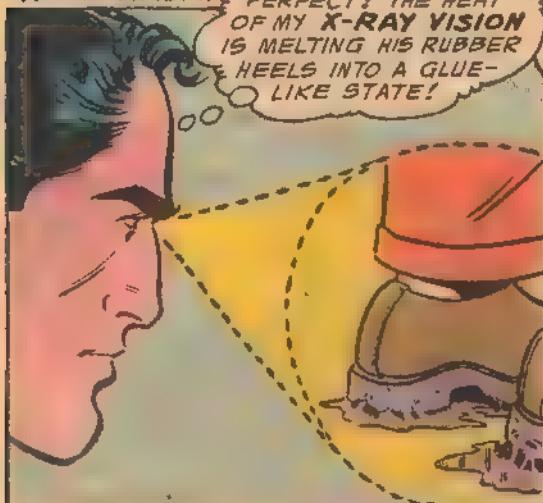


WHILE NEARBY...

PERFECT! THE HEAT OF MY X-RAY VISION IS MELTING HIS RUBBER HEELS INTO A GLUE-LIKE STATE!

NOW WE'LL TAKE THIS ENVELOPE BACK TO PERRY WHITE'S LEAD-LINED SAFE! YOU'RE INVITED FOR THE RETURN TRIP!

ULP--SUPERMAN!



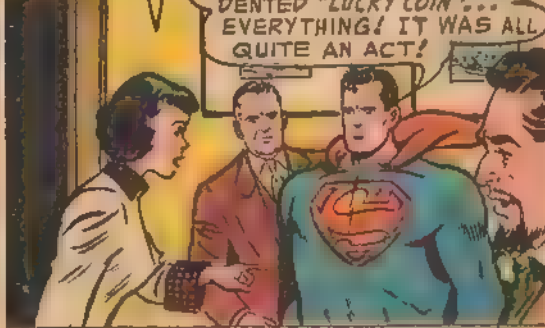
PRESENTLY...

PAXTON--AND--**SUPERMAN!** THEN HE CAN'T BE...

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, LOIS-- BUT PAXTON WAS HIRED BY SPADES RIKER TO MAKE PERRY WHITE BELIEVE HE WAS **SUPERMAN**, SO THAT PERRY WOULD GIVE HIM THE EVIDENCE FREELY!

THEN IT WAS PAXTON HIMSELF WHO MADE THE ANONYMOUS PHONE CALL TO PERRY?

YES, PAXTON PLANNED EVERY DETAIL OF THE SCHEME... THE DUMMY-- THE TROPHY ROOM-- THE STOOGES WHO FIRED A BLANK CARTRIDGE-- THE FLATTENED SLUG-- THE PRE-ARRANGED DENTED "LUCKY COIN"... EVERYTHING! IT WAS ALL QUITE AN ACT!



SUPERMAN, I WANT HIM CHARGED WITH STEALING EVIDENCE!

YOU CAN'T CHARGE ME! I DID NOTHING CRIMINAL! YOU **GAVE** ME THE EVIDENCE, REMEMBER?

THEN WE'LL ARREST YOU FOR IMPERSONATING **SUPERMAN!**

DID YOU EVER **SEE** ME IN A **SUPERMAN** COSTUME? NO! AND I NEVER **SAID** I WAS **SUPERMAN**! YOU JUST **ASSUMED** I WAS! YOU CAN'T ARREST ME... YOU'VE GOT NO CASE!



SMUGLY, PAXTON HEADS HOME, AWARE THAT HE IS BEING FOLLOWED BY TWO HELPLESS BUT INDIGNANT CITIZENS...

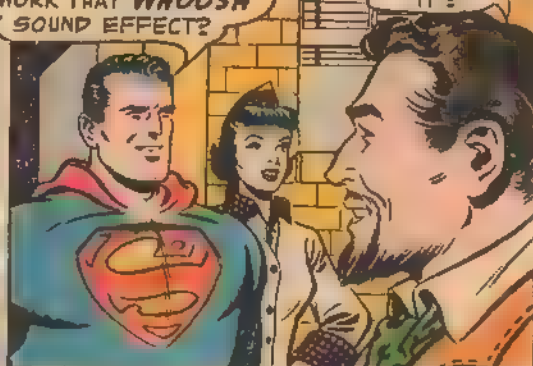
LET HIM GET OFF SCOT FREE! ISN'T THERE ANY WAY WE CAN BE ARRESTED?

WE CAN'T

I'VE GOT ONE IDEA! COME ON, LOIS--LET'S CATCH UP TO HIM!

WELL, PAXTON, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU OUTSMARTED US ALL! THE WAY YOU ARRANGED EVERY TRICK WAS REALLY TERRIFIC! THAT REMINDS ME--JUST HOW DID YOU WORK THAT **WHOOOSH** SOUND EFFECT?

PRETTY GOOD, EH? THAT WAS A RECORD! WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME UP AND HEAR IT?



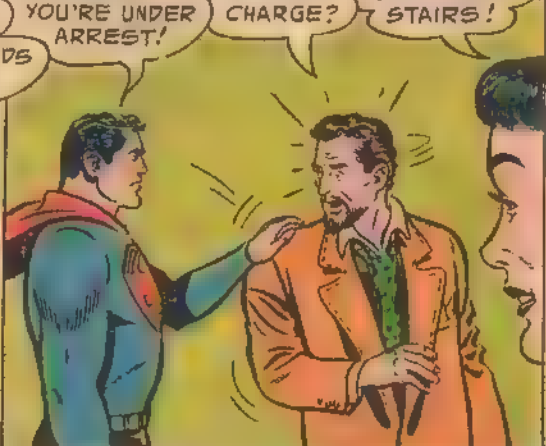
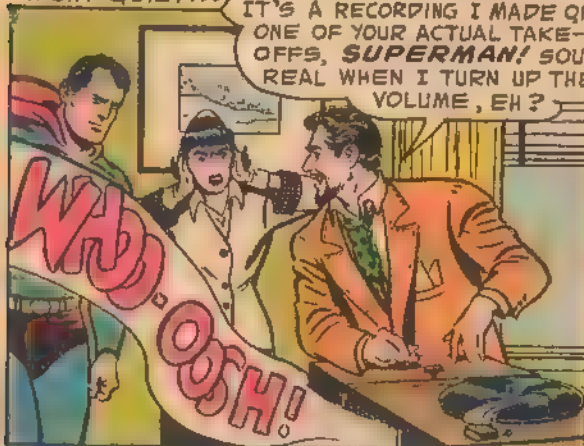
MINUTES LATER, THE SIMULATED SOUND OF SUPERMAN'S TAKE-OFF SHATTERS THE NIGHT-QUIET...

IT'S A RECORDING I MADE OF ONE OF YOUR ACTUAL TAKE-OFFS, **SUPERMAN!** SOUNDS REAL WHEN I TURN UP THE VOLUME, EH?

IT SURE DOES, PAXTON--AND YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

A-ARREST? ON WHAT CHARGE?

YOU'LL FIND OUT--DOWN-STAIRS!

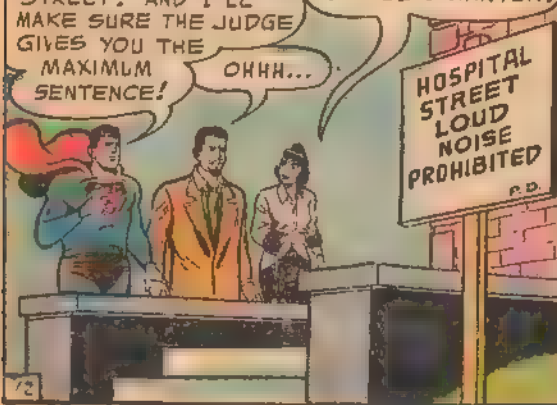


AND OUT IN THE STREET...

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR DISTURBING THE QUIET ON A HOSPITAL STREET! AND I'LL MAKE SURE THE JUDGE GIVES YOU THE MAXIMUM SENTENCE!

OH...H...

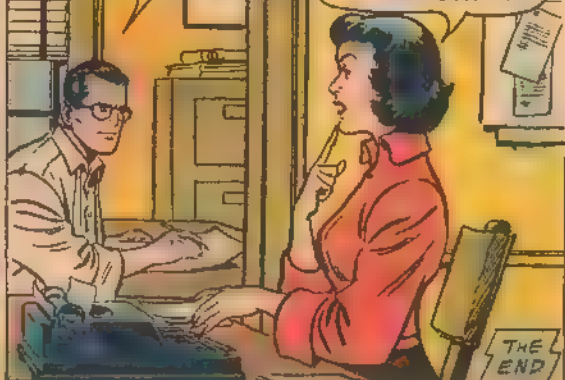
SMART GUY-- BUT THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE ELSE WHO'S JUST A LITTLE SMARTER!



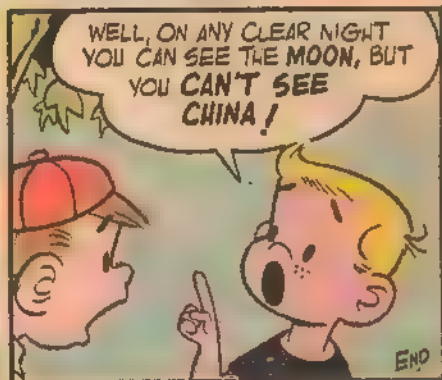
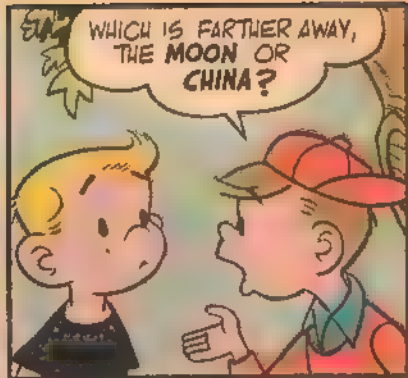
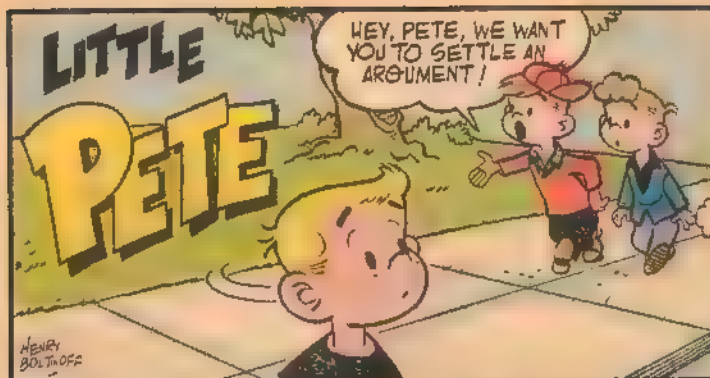
AND SO, NEXT DAY, WITH EVERYTHING BACK TO NORMAL...

LOIS, WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

SINCE PAXTON CAN'T BE **SUPERMAN**, I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO BACK TO SUSPECTING YOU, CLARK. I WONDER...?



THE END



ADVERTISEMENT

They're Number 1 on my Christmas List!



WINCHESTER

They skate as good as they look—and last longer, too!

Signed

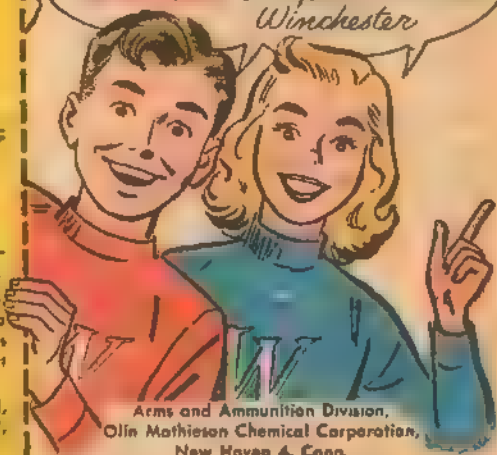
Made by the Makers of World-Famous Winchester Firearms

PARENTS: Winchester Roller Skates are quality constructed throughout. Special "backbone" construction gives full support to skater's instep. All ball bearings made to strict specifications. Wheel treads are extra heavy, extra wide—made to make skating easier, and prevent sideways slides. Inside wheel frames are spot-welded—can't suddenly come apart when tread is worn. Live rubber shock absorbers iron out bumps.

Ask to see the No. 3831 Deluxe Double Row Ball Bearing Model, the No. 3536 Single Row Ball Bearing Model, or the No. 3537, Universal Junior Model.

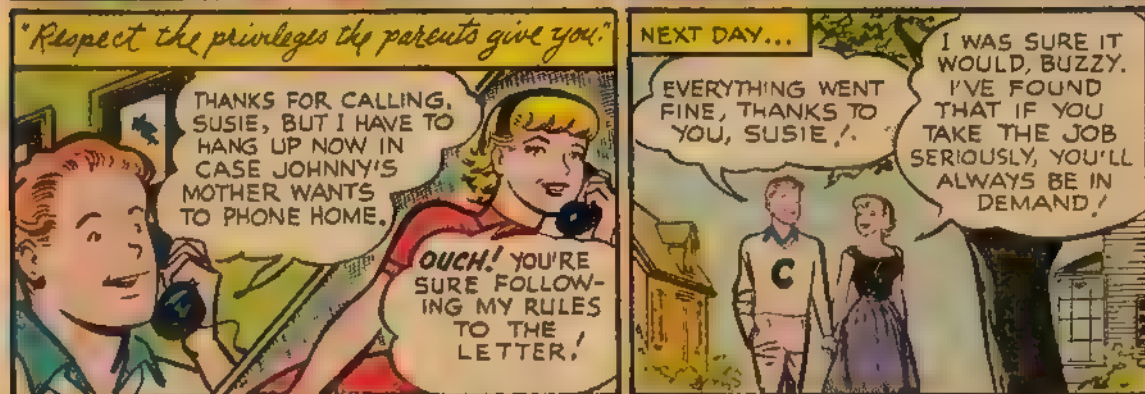
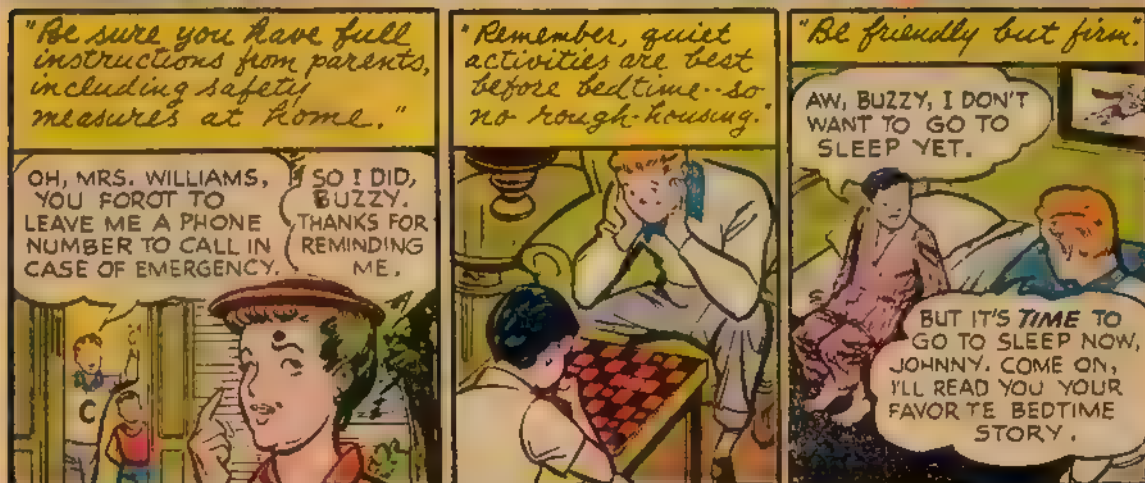
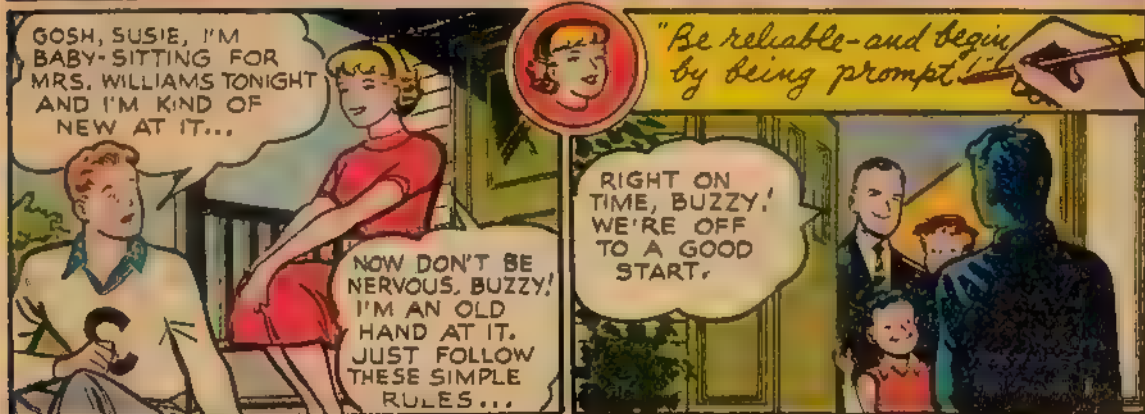
JUST CUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINE, AND SIGN YOUR NAME TO THIS SPECIAL "PARENTS REMINDER". PIN IT TO YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST, OR PUT IT WHEREVER YOU ARE SURE MOTHER AND DAD WILL FIND IT. WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES, MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE A PAIR OF GENUINE FAST ROLLING WINCHESTER SKATES JUST LIKE OURS.

Wings and Winnie Winchester



Arms and Ammunition Division,
Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation,
New Haven 4, Conn.

Buzzy asks: "DO YOU KNOW HOW TO BE A GOOD BABY-SITTER?"



FROM ALL POINTS OF THE JUNGLE THEY CAME--MEN LEADING FAVORITE BEASTS--TO ATTEND THE MOST AMAZING EVENT EVER HELD--THE CROWNING OF A KING OF THE JUNGLE! WHO WILL BE CHOSEN AS THE BRAVEST AND STRONGEST ANIMAL TO WEAR THE CROWN? THE ANSWER WILL AMAZE YOU, AS IT DID CONGO BILL, WHO FOUND HIMSELF PLAYING A CURIOUS ROLE IN CROWNING OF THE...

CONGO BILL

with JANU
The Jungle Boy

JUNGLE KING FOR A DAY

THE BUFFALO IS CHARGING SCARED LION! ME NO CAN LOOK!

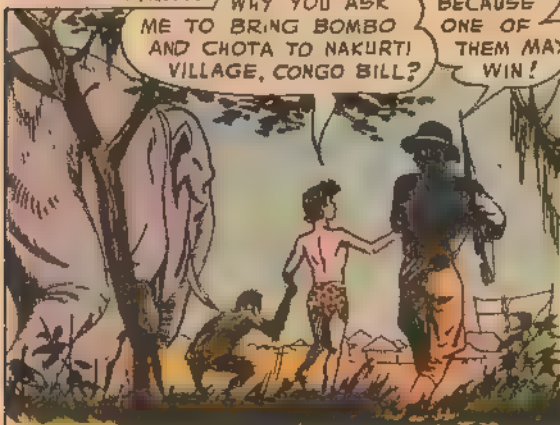


DEEP IN CENTRAL AFRICA, CONGO BILL AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND, JANU, HURRY FOR THE EVENT OF THE YEAR...

WHY YOU ASK ME TO BRING BOMBO AND CHOTA TO NAKURTI VILLAGE, CONGO BILL?

BECAUSE ONE OF THEM MAY WIN!

EVERYONE IS BRINGING IN HIS FAVORITE ANIMAL! ONE OF THEM WILL BE CHOSEN KING AS PART OF AN AFRICAN PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN! THERE'LL BE NEWSREEL CAMERAMEN, AND EVERYTHING!



THE CROWN WILL GO TO THE ANIMAL SHOWING THE GREATEST STRENGTH, COURAGE, AND PROWESS! THE WITCH DOCTOR WILL NAME THE WINNER BY HURLING HIS SPEAR AT HIM!

HEAR THAT, BOMBO AND CHOTA? MAKE SURE YOU SHOW YOUR STUFF!

IN THE EXCITING HOURS THAT FOLLOW, GREAT FEATS ARE SEEN...



AT LAST...

THIS IS THE BIG MOMENT, JANU! THE WITCH DOCTOR IS GOING TO NAME THE KING!

I GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED FOR BOMBO!

BUT AS HE HURLS HIS BLUNT-NOSED SPEAR...

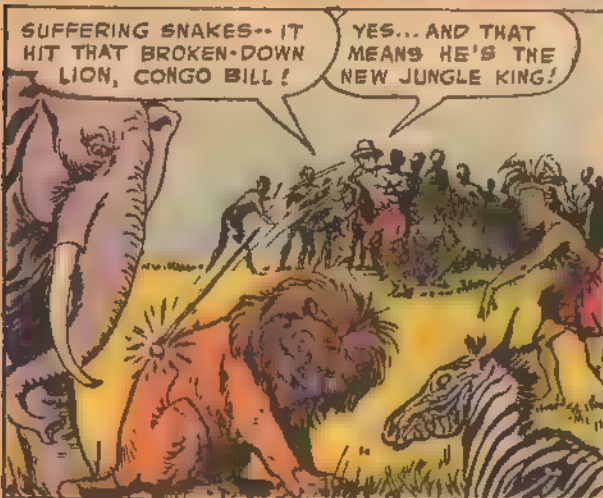
LOOK, JANU... THE WITCH DOCTOR WAS ABOUT TO THROW HIS SPEAR AT BOMBO WHEN SOMEONE ACCIDENTALLY JOSTLED HIS ARM!

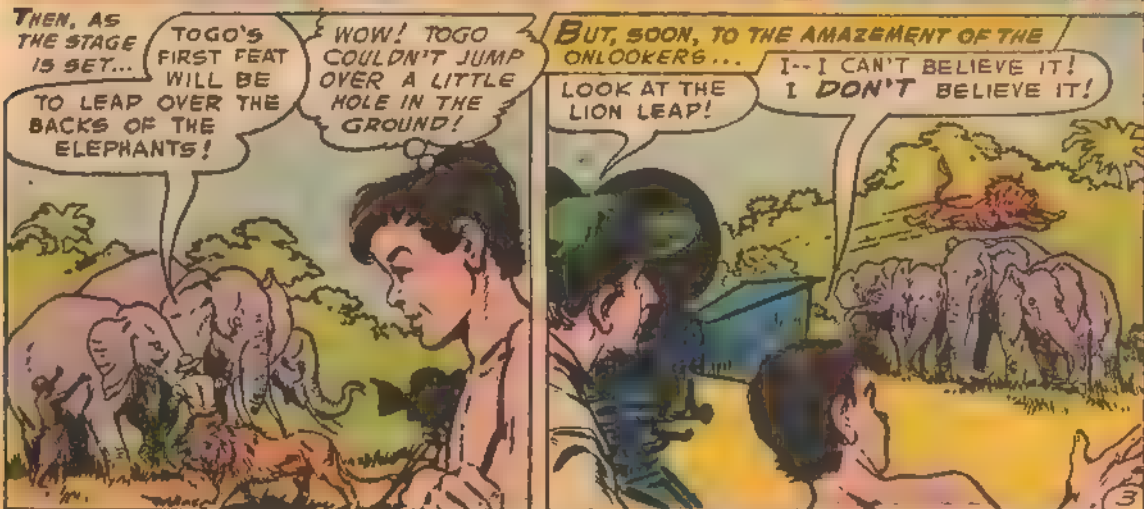
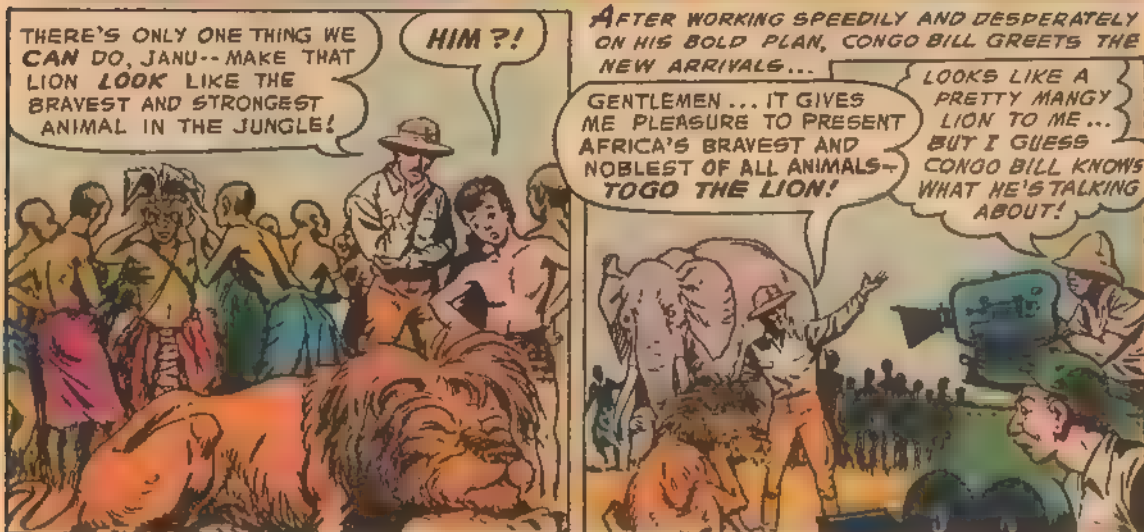
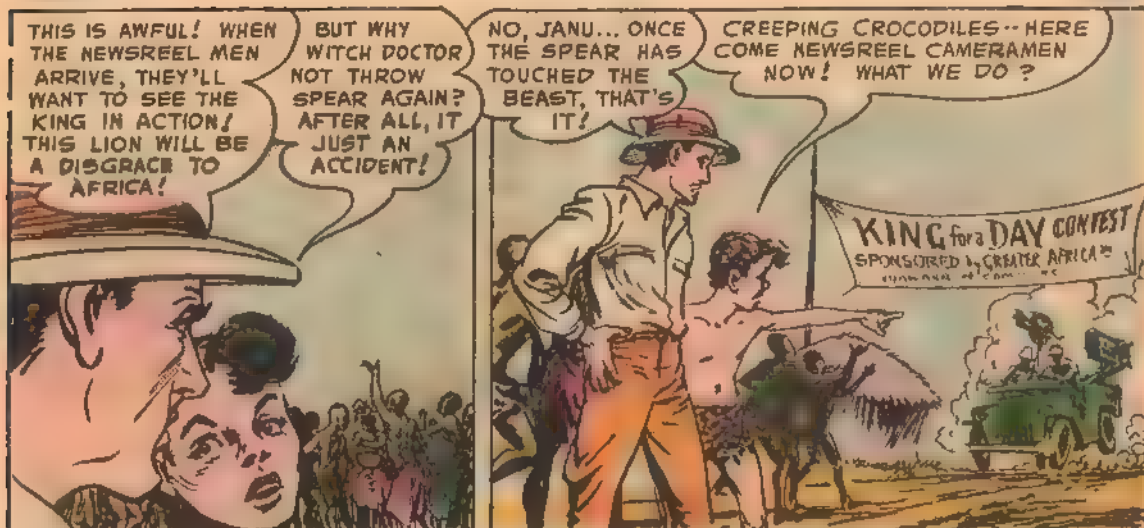


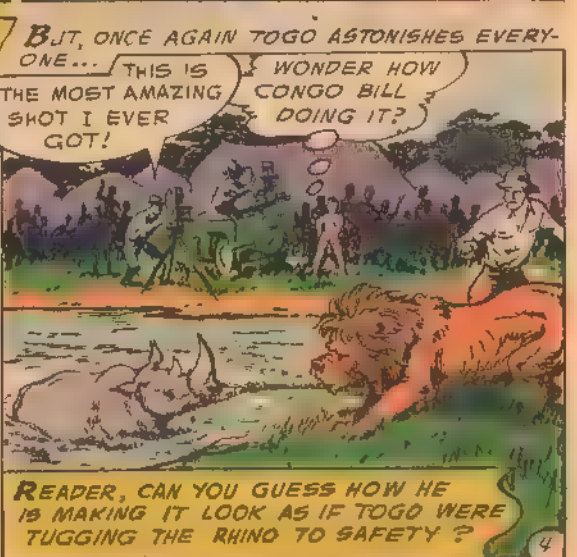
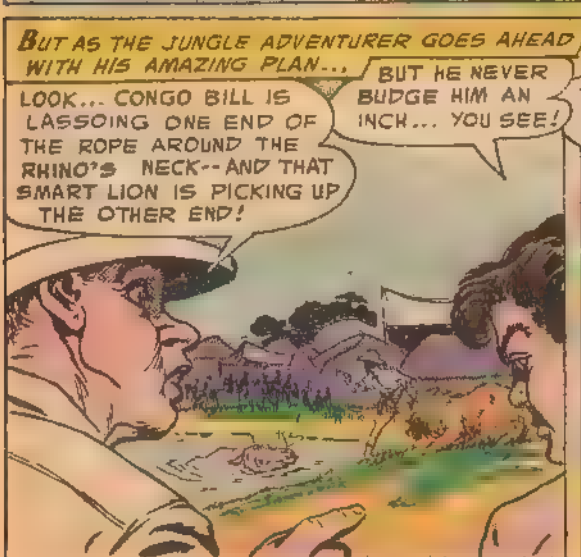
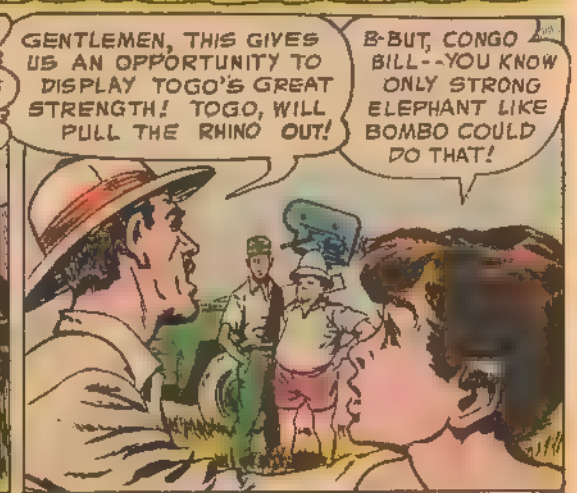
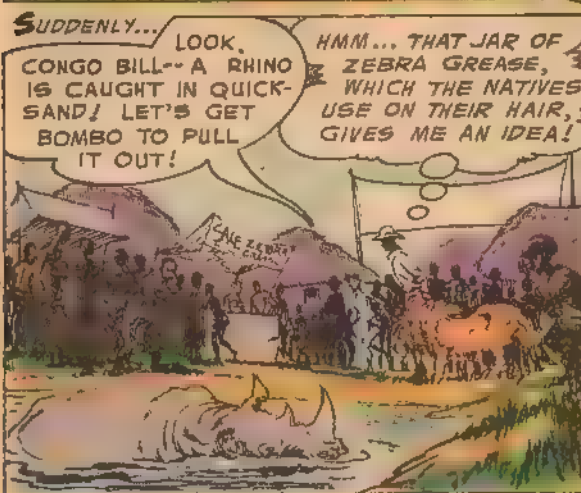
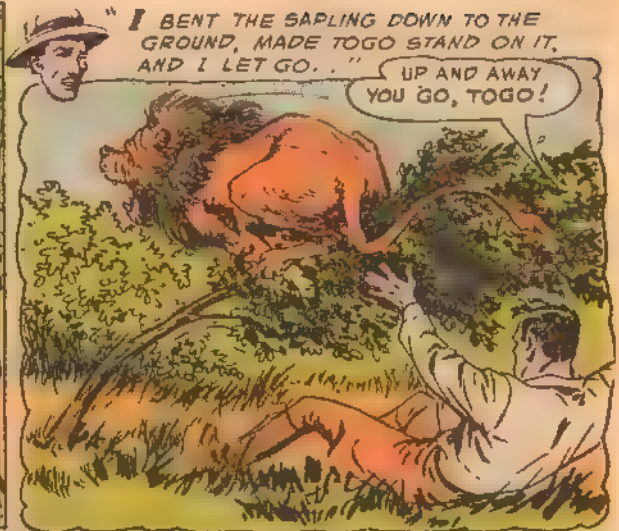
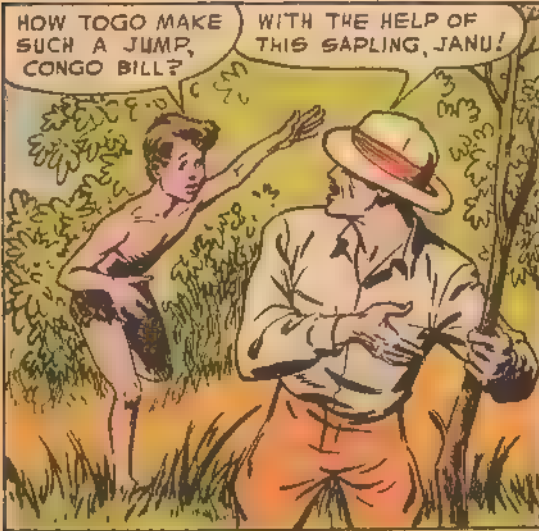
SUFFERING SNAKES-- IT HIT THAT BROKEN-DOWN LION, CONGO BILL!

YES... AND THAT MEANS HE'S THE NEW JUNGLE KING!

LOOK... EVEN THE LION ITSELF CAN'T BELIEVE IT!







SOON, BEHIND THE SCENES...

HOW YOU MAKE HIM DO IT, CONGO BILL? TELL ME?

OKAY, JANU!... FIRST I SMEARED THE ROPE WITH A HEAVY LAYER OF ZEBRA GREASE, WHICH LIONS LOVE!

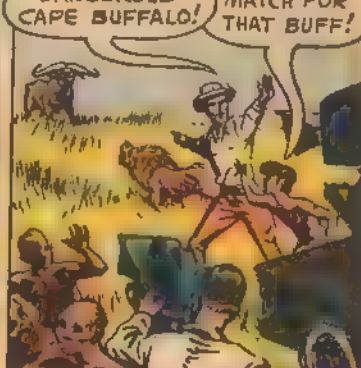
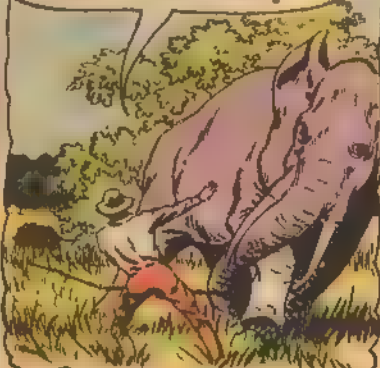
"THEN, WHILE TOGO WAS LICKING THE ROPE--MAKING IT LOOK AS IF HE WERE HOLDING IT IN HIS MOUTH--I GOT BOMBO TO DO THE ACTUAL TUGGING..."

THAT'S IT, BOMBO--KEEP THE ROPE DOWN CLOSE TO THE GROUND SO IT WON'T BE VISIBLE BEYOND THE LION!

SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF A CAPE BUFFALO BRINGS TOGO TO HIS FINAL TEST...

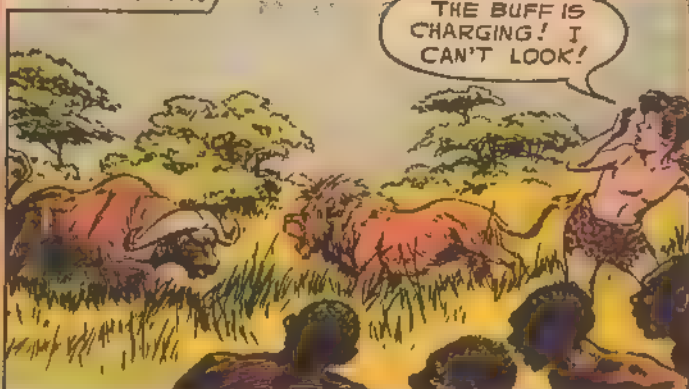
AND NOW WE'LL SEE A SAMPLE OF TOGO'S COURAGE--STANDING UP AGAINST A DANGEROUS CAPE BUFFALO!

THAT NOT FAIR, CONGO BILL... TOGO NO MATCH FOR THAT BUFF!



JANU'S RIGHT... BUT THE WITCH DOCTOR'S BLUNT SPEAR SHOULD MORE THAN EQUAL THE ODDS!

AND SOON, AS TWO ADVERSARIES OF THE JUNGLE FACE EACH OTHER...

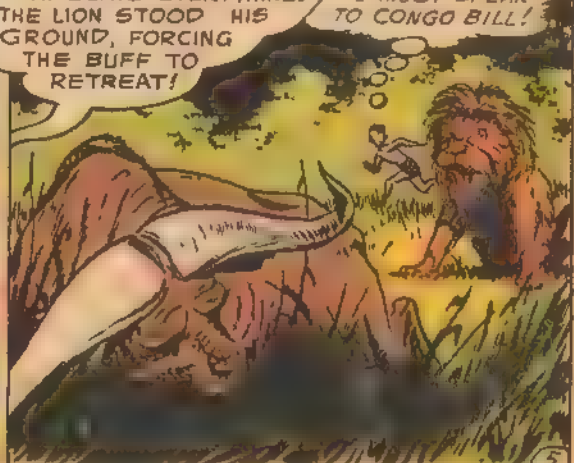
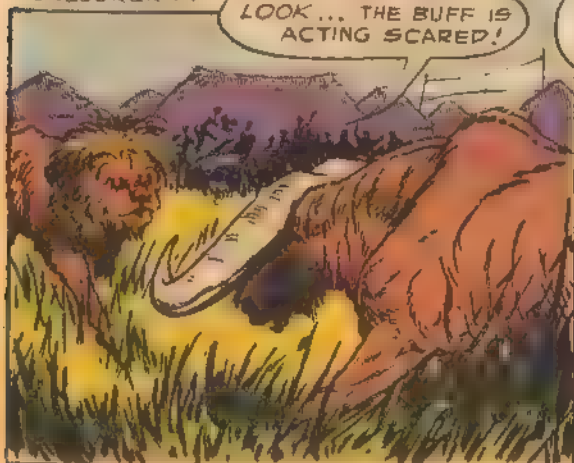


BUT, ONCE AGAIN TOGO AMAZES HIS ONLOOKERS...

LOOK... THE BUFF IS ACTING SCARED!

THAT BEATS EVERYTHING! THE LION STOOD HIS GROUND, FORCING THE BUFF TO RETREAT!

I MUST SPEAK TO CONGO BILL!



SOON...

YOU MUST TELL ME HOW YOU MAKE TOGO CHASE AWAY THAT BUFFALO!

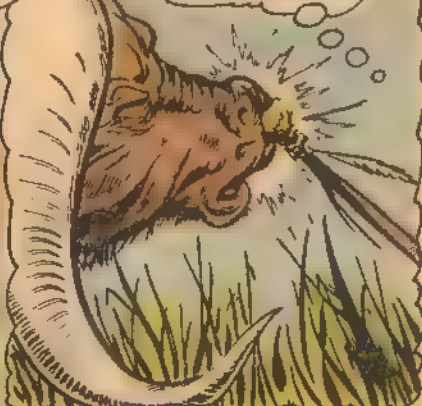
WITH THE HELP OF THIS BLUNT-NOSED SPEAR OF THE WITCH DOCTOR, JANU!

"I GOT DOWN IN THE TALL GRASS BETWEEN THE BUFF AND TOGO... AND WHEN THE BUFF CHARGED..."

THIS BETTER HIT THE MARK. OR NEITHER TOGO NOR I WILL BE AROUND TO TELL IT!

"THE SPEAR CAUGHT THE BUFF FLUSH ON THE TENDEREST PART OF ITS BODY--ITS NOSE..."

LUCKILY, THIS TALL GRASS PREVENTS ANYONE FROM SEEING THE SPEAR!



THAT GREAT, CONGO BILL... BUT HOW IN WORLD YOU EVER MAKE TOGO STAND STILL WHILE THE BUFF CHARGE?

I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT, JANU! AS I SUSPECTED, TOGO WAS SO SCARED, HE STAYED ROOTED TO THE SPOT!

LATER AS THE BIG MOMENT ARRIVES...

TO TOGO, THE BRAVEST, STRONGEST, AND NOBLEST BEAST IN THE JUNGLE!

THIS FILM WILL BE SHOWN IN EVERY THEATER IN AMERICA!



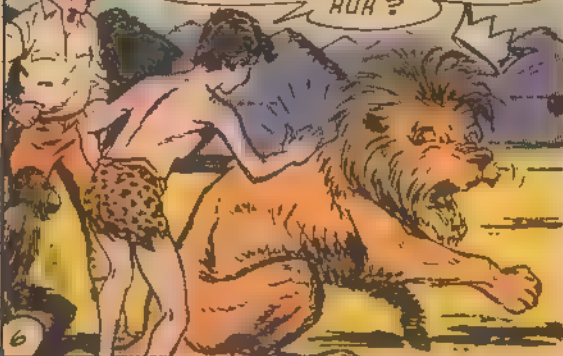
AFTER THE NEWSREEL MEN LEAVE...

WELL, TOGO-- HOW IT FEEL TO BE THE BRAVEST, STRONGEST, AND NOBLEST BEAST OF...

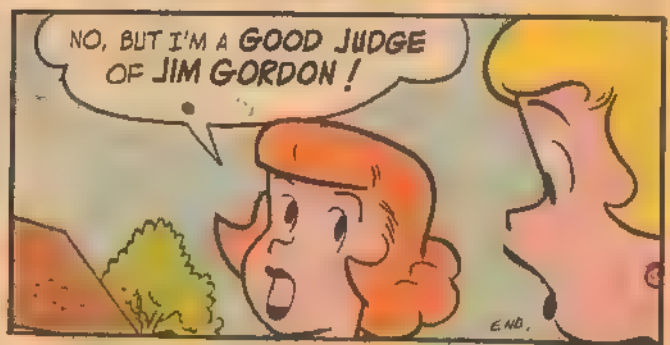
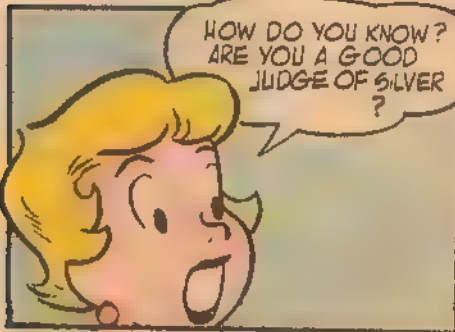
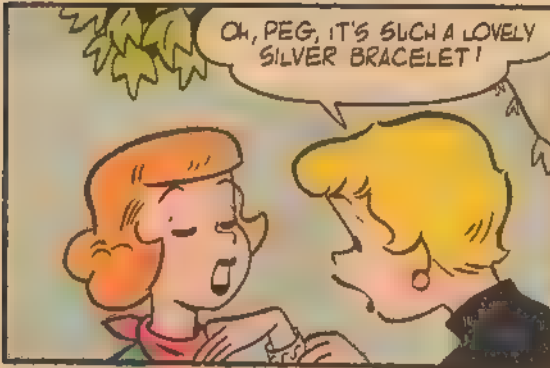
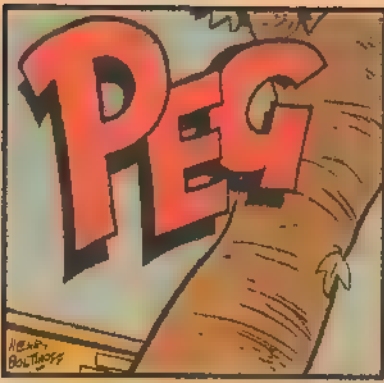
HUH?

WHAT HAPPEN TO HIM?

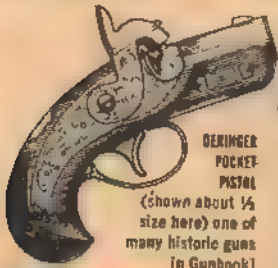
YOU BROUGHT YOUR HAND DOWN TOO SUDDENLY ON THE KING'S HEAD-- AND SCARED THE DAY-LIGHTS OUT OF HIM, JANU!



THE END



DAISY GUNBOOK READY! ADVERTISEMENT For BOYS GIRLS and TEENS



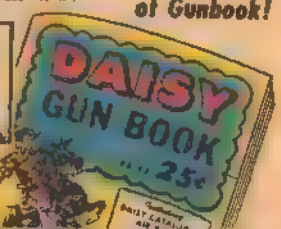
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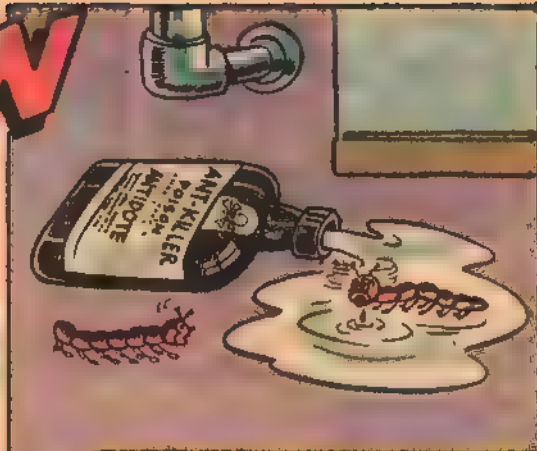
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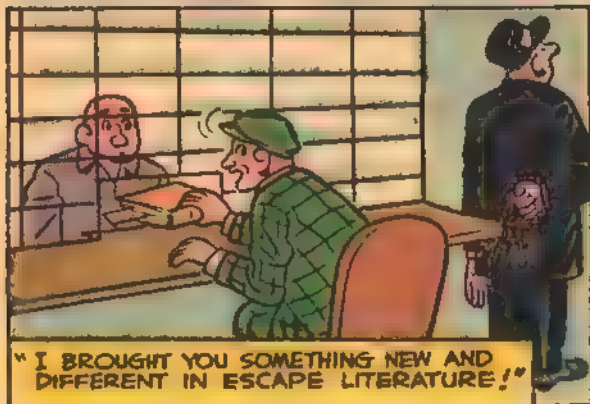
TON O' FUN



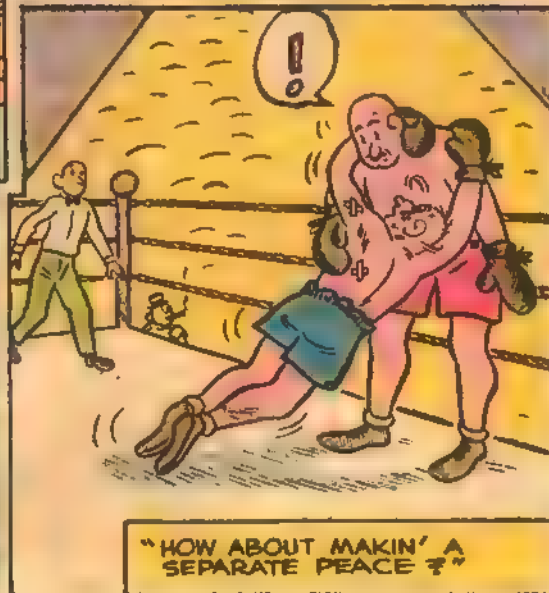
"THE LAUNDRY SERVICE IS FINALLY GETTING BETTER...NOW THEY RIP THE SHIRTS ONLY WHERE IT WON'T SHOW WHEN YOU WEAR A JACKET!"



"QUICK! READ THE LABEL! WHAT'S THE ANTIDOTE?"



"I BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT IN ESCAPE LITERATURE!"



"HOW ABOUT MAKIN' A SEPARATE PEACE?"

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

WKH BHDUV BRX VSHQG
LQ VFKRRO DUH EULFNV
ZLWK ZKLFK BRX FDQ EX-
LOG BRXU IXWXUH. PDNH
WKHP SURILWDEOH BHD-
UV DQG BRX ZLOO KDYH
D VWXUGB IRXQGDLRQ
IRU OLIH.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

FEBRUARY 1954

Dear Superman:

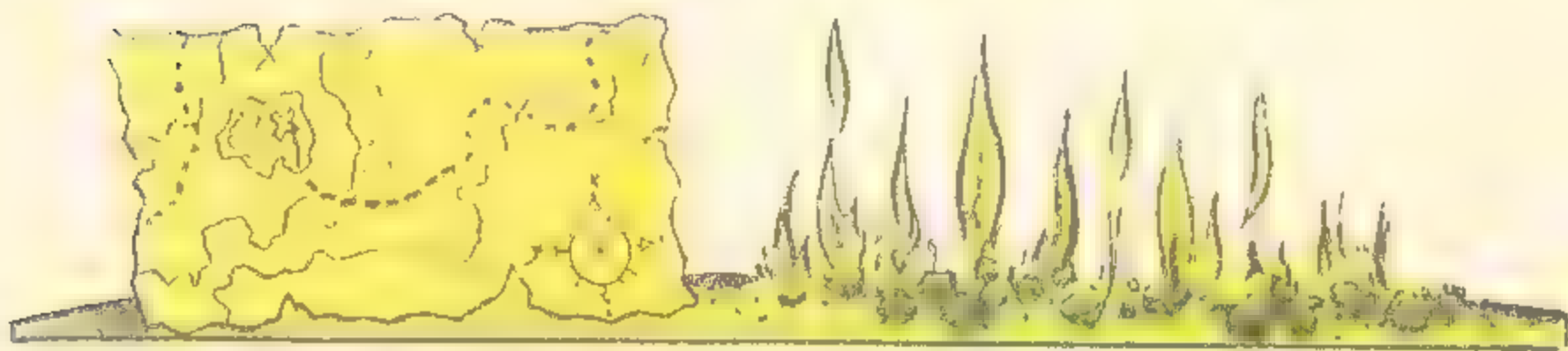
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

I HUNTED THE GREEN FIRE



One of Us Had the Map, the Other the Money to Back a Search for Hidden Treasure. Would We Fail or Succeed?

The Answer Is in This Strange Story with a Strange Twist

A DEEP hush fell over the group. The workers, using seven-foot long crow-bars had sliced away the surface rock and dirt, exposing a V-shaped pit.

Bannister and I exchanged long, meaningful glances.

"This is it, Tom—I'm sure of it!" he exclaimed.

"This had better be it," I murmured.

But before I go any further, let me set you straight on a couple of preliminary details. Bannister was perhaps my oldest friend, although I hadn't seen him in over five years before he showed up unexpectedly at my small Arizona ranch with his unusual proposition.

"Tom, this is going to sound crazy! I know that's exactly what you're going to say! But I want you to hear me out without interruptions!"

That speech was the introduction to a long story about Spanish conquistadores who looted a temple in Colombia centuries ago, and hid their loot in a V-shaped pit. The loot consisted mainly of emeralds—more descriptively called "Green Fire" by people who mine it—and worth perhaps \$500,000!

Then Bannister showed me a map, be-

lieved to have been made by the Spanish leader to mark the spot of the buried treasure. It looked genuine enough, but there was a great big question in my mind and I wasn't bashful about asking it.

"Why bring it to me, Bannister? What, exactly, do you want from me?"

Bannister wasn't bashful either. He told me. "Money, Tom. It'll take close to seven or eight thousand to finance the trip, hire workers, buy tools. I haven't got a red cent—except this map, which will make us both rich!"

Well, now, I wasn't born yesterday. I'd heard of these crazy treasure-hunting schemes before, and I wasn't considered an easy mark. So you know what I did? That's right—I sold my ranch and practically everything else I owned, and turned the cash over to Bannister. Two weeks later, we took a plane to Bogota.

(Actually, I'm not quite being fair with myself. Before sealing the deal with Bannister, I undertook a little judicious checking. I found out, first of all, that the map was a genuine document in that it dated back to the time of the Spanish conquistadores. I also did some research into old histories and found out, secondly, that the Spaniards *had* looted the ancient Inca cities

of their precious gems—mostly, emeralds.)

Now, perhaps, you can better appreciate the excited hush that fell over Bannister and myself as our Indian workers, after digging for two months, finally uncovered that V-shaped pit.

We ordered our workers to stand back. Bannister lit a couple of oil lamps, and handed me one. I noticed that Bannister's fingers were crossed as we moved into the pit opening. I began to think about the eight thousand dollars I had poured into the adventure and crossed mine, too.

Our first look at the pit's interior was not encouraging. The hole was about a hundred yards long, seventy-five wide, and twenty-five deep. We raised our lamps.

"What's that treasure supposed to be in—chests?" I asked.

Bannister shrugged. "Search me. For all I know it's scattered over the floor."

Taking him at his word, I searched every square inch of the dirt floor, but all I got out of it was a strained back.

"It might have been dug into the walls," suggested Bannister, hopefully. We divided up the wall space and went looking.

It took us about three weeks to admit defeat.

"Nothing," sighed Bannister.

I didn't say it out loud because Bannister was feeling bad enough, but I sure thought it: "Eight thousand dollars worth of nothing!"

Bannister took the map and studied it under the lamp. "Maybe it's the wrong pit," he said, without spirit.

"There couldn't be two V-shaped pits like this one," I pointed out. "This is it, all right—but those Spanish conquistadores were lying, Bannister—there's no fortune in emeralds in here!"

I felt Bannister's hand on my shoulder. "I'm sorry, Tom. It was my fault. I'll work like a Trojan to pay you back!"

"Don't talk like a donkey!" I snorted. "I'm of age—and I knew what I was doing. At least I thought I did. At any rate, it was a risk I was willing to take with my eyes open! Forget it!"

But Bannister was back at the map and the legend accompanying it.

Suddenly, Bannister was on his feet. Swiftly crossing to the jet-black wall, he feverishly began scraping away at it with his pick. I moved to his side, held up my lamp.

Looking over his shoulder, I saw him delicately pick away at the pit side until glints of gold began to show through.

"Fool's gold . . . but it's a good sign," he said under his breath.

I didn't ask Bannister what he was looking for. I was still too disheartened.

But suddenly, Bannister was holding a small chunk of hexagon-shaped fragment in his hand. He handed it to me and kept picking away, prying loose more and more fragments.

Finally, he held it up—a blob of green the size of a walnut. I heard Bannister's excited voice:

"It weighs at least 25 carats, Tom . . . 25 carats . . . and from the looks of this thing we'll get at least \$5,000 a carat!"

I sat down to spare myself the harm of falling down.

"It looks like we had those Spanish conquistadores all wrong, Bannister! They weren't referring to a chest full of emeralds but a whole mine full!"

"Nice Spanish conquistadores," murmured Bannister.

—Jonathan Maxwell

Tommy TOMORROW

PAH! MY MELTING POINT IS FAR HIGHER THAN THE FLAMES OF YOUR RAY GUN!

AND HE--HE HAS THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN! HOW CAN I DEFEAT HIM?

IN THE YEAR 2056, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE **SPACE PLANETEERS** FINDS HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST THE MOST DANGEROUS OUTLAW THE SOLAR SYSTEM HAS EVER KNOWN--A CRIMINAL WITH AN ALL-METAL BODY AND AN ELECTRONIC BRAIN...

"THE ROBOT CROOK OF SPACE!"

AFTER MAKING A CLEAN GETAWAY FROM A SPACE ROBBERY, A FUGITIVE OUTLAW IS ASTONISHED WHEN, OUT OF NOWHERE...

COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS! BUT HOW--HOW DID YOU TRACK ME TO THIS UNKNOWN ASTEROID?



TOMMY ANSWERS WHEN THEY REACH PLANET-EEER HEADQUARTERS ON EARTH...

MEET **ALARM**, NEWEST "MEMBER" OF THE PLANETEERS! HE ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!

A ROBOT PLANET-EEER? HOW DID HE SPOT MY HIDEOUT?



**ANIMATED
LENSED
AUTOMATIC
RADAR
MACHINE**

HIS ELECTRONIC
BRAIN AND LONG-
RANGE RADAR EYES
CAN DETECT CRIME
AND CRIMINALS ANY-
WHERE IN THE UNIVERSE!
THE INITIALS IN HIS
NAME SPELL OUT
"ALARM!"

AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE ROBOT DETECTIVE AIDS THE
LAW!

CALLING ALL
PLANETEERS! STOP MOON
GANG RAIDING INTER-
PLANETARY SPACE BANK!

ESCAPED CONVICTS
ARE IN SPACESHIP
A MILLION MILES
FROM MARS!

CLOSE UP
OF ALARM'S
RADAR
EYES

NEWS OF THE ROBOT SLEUTH DOES NOT CHEER "LABS"
LOGAN, SCIENTIFIC CRIME CHIEF...

HOW CAN WE MAKE A MOVE WITH
THAT TIN G-MAN FINGERING
CRIME ALL OVER? HE MUST
BE ELIMINATED! AND I
HAVE AN IDEA HOW
IT CAN BE DONE!

"ALARM"
CUTS
CRIME
RATE

A WEEK LATER, AS TOMMY TOMORROW
CLIMBS TO THE ROBOT'S TOWER POST...

WHAT'S WRONG? YOU
SEEM WORRIED,
ALARM!

I-I FEAR LIGHTNING
MAY SHORT-CIRCUIT
MY ELECTRONIC SYSTEM!
A BOLT STRUCK NEAR ME
BEFORE AND MADE ME...
UH... DIZZY!

BUT I'LL KEEP SURVEYING
SPACE WITH MY RADAR
EYES-- **ATTENTION!**
SPACE BANDITS
SPEEDING TO ROB
GOLD-CARGO
SHIP NEAR DARK
ASTEROID!

I'LL INTER-
CEPT THEM!

BUT WHEN TOMMY REACHES THE SCENE IN HIS SHIP, THE
SPACE ACE...

THAT PLANETEER PILOT
FELL FOR OUR TRAP!
HA, HA!

IT'S NO ROBBERY-- BUT AN
AMBUSH BY TWO BANDIT SHIPS
I'M OUTGUNNED!

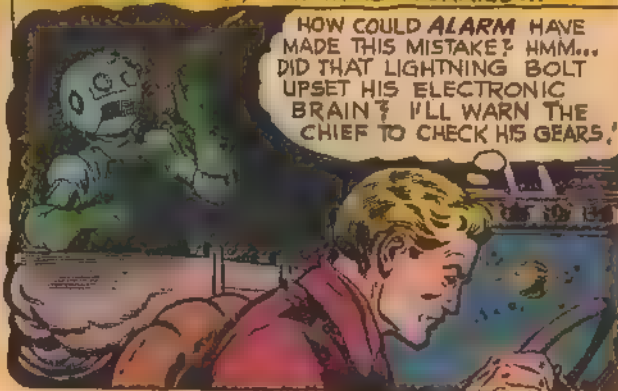
RESORTING TO A DARING RUSE, TOMMY JETS DOWN INTO THE PROTECTIVE SHADOWS OF THE DARK ASTEROID...

MY ONLY CHANCE IS SQUEEZING THROUGH HERE! 'WHEW!' MADE IT BY AN EYELASH!

WE MIGHT CRASH! HE GOT AWAY!



RETURNING TO HQ, TOMMY IS WORRIED...

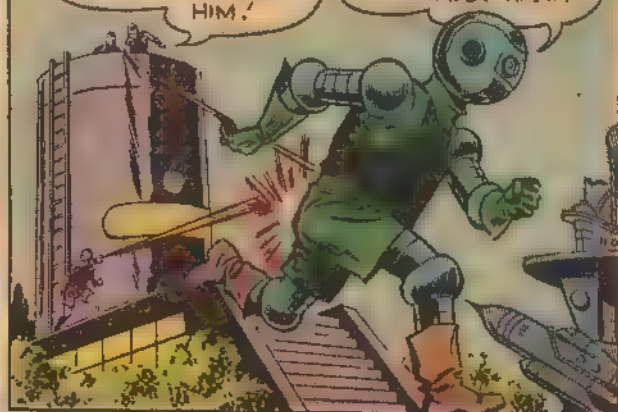


HOW COULD **ALARM** HAVE MADE THIS MISTAKE? HMM... DID THAT LIGHTNING BOLT UPSET HIS ELECTRONIC BRAIN? I'LL WARN THE CHIEF TO CHECK HIS GEARS!

BUT BEFORE TOMMY RETURNS, HIS WORST FEARS ARE REALIZED...

THE ROBOT WENT BERSERK! AND RAY-GUNS CAN'T STOP HIM!

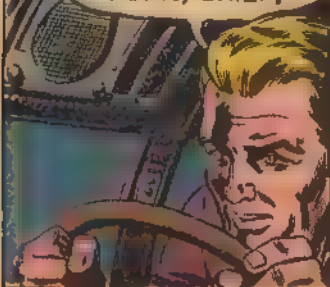
HAHHH! I'LL FLY OFF IN A SPACESHIP-- TO JOIN WITH CRIMINALS! HAAA!



PRESENTLY, THE SPACE LAWMAN RECEIVES A GRIM RADIO S.O.S....

ATTENTION, TOMMY TOMORROW! CHASE DOWN **ALARM'S** SHIP, HEADING YOUR WAY! HE **TURNUED CRIMINAL!** HE'S A "ROBOTCROOK" NOW!

I--I WAS AFRAID OF THAT! I'LL TRACK HIM DOWN, CHIEF!



BUT TOMMY FINDS THAT TRAILING A POWERFUL INHUMAN ROBOT IS FAR DIFFERENT FROM APPREHENDING HUMAN CRIMINALS!

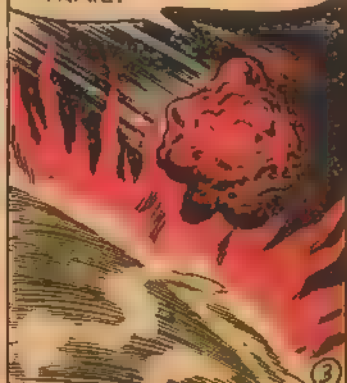
HAA! I CAN SKIRT CLOSE TO THE SUN, IGNORING THE FLAMES THAT HEAT UP MY SHIP!

CAN'T PURSUE HIM (GULP!)... WOULD FRY TO A CRISP! HAVE TO VEER OFF!



BUT TOMMY CLEVERLY MAKES USE OF A PASSING METEOR...

HIDING BEHIND THAT HUGE METEOR SHIELDS ME FROM THE SUN FLAMES! I'M STILL ON THE ROBOT'S TRAIL!

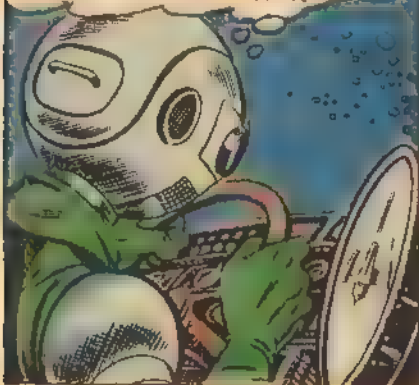




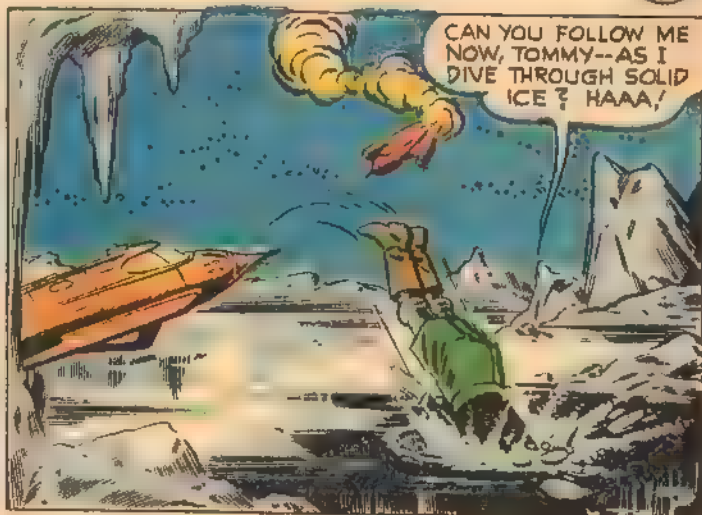
ACTION COMICS



HE'S STILL AFTER ME, BLAST HIM!
BUT NO HUMAN CAN MATCH A
ROBOT'S SKILL AND POWER! I'LL
LAND ON THAT FROZEN ASTEROID
AHEAD AND BAFFLE HIM!

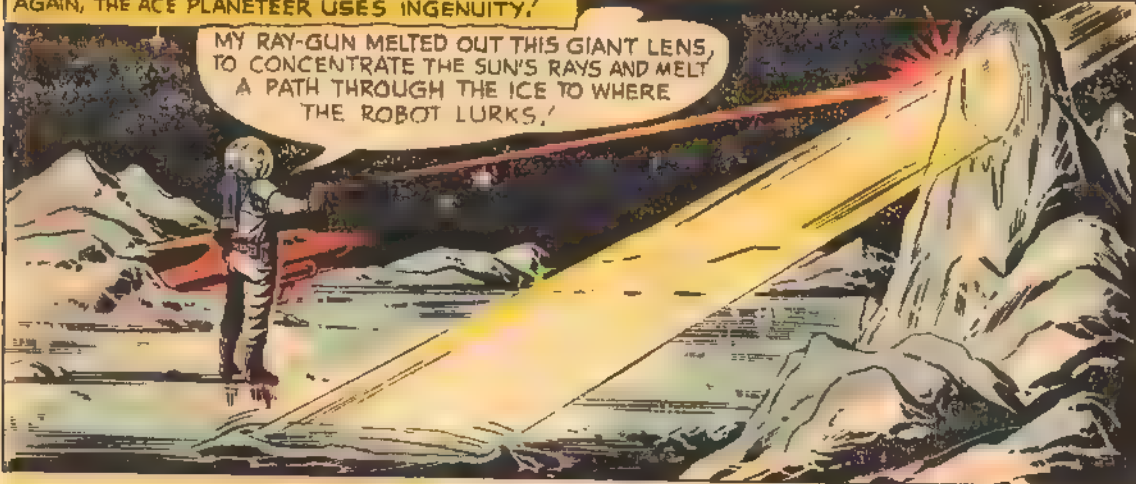


CAN YOU FOLLOW ME
NOW, TOMMY--AS I
DIVE THROUGH SOLID
ICE? HAAA!



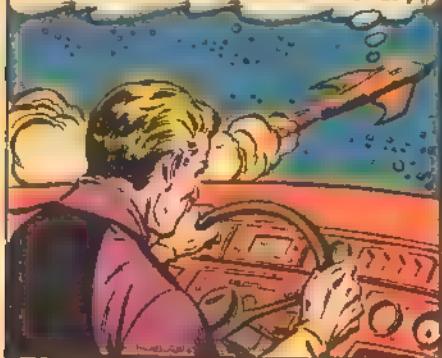
AGAIN, THE ACE PLANETEER USES INGENUITY!

MY RAY-GUN MELTED OUT THIS GIANT LENS,
TO CONCENTRATE THE SUN'S RAYS AND MELT
A PATH THROUGH THE ICE TO WHERE
THE ROBOT LURKS!



HIS PLAN THWARTED, THE ROBOTCROOK
REGAINS HIS SHIP, FORCED TO SPEED
ON THROUGH SPACE.

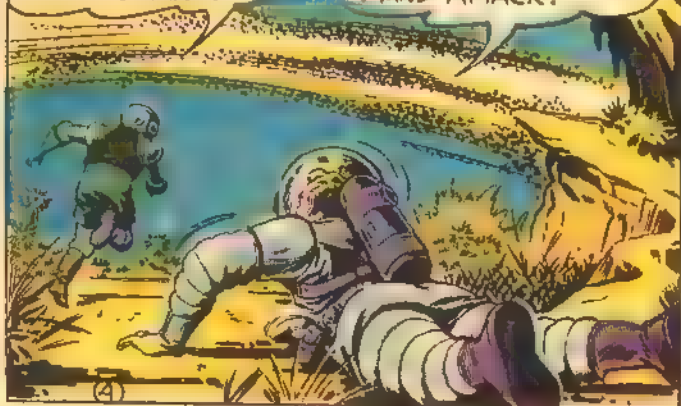
I'VE GOT TO
TRAP TOMMY TOMORROW OUTSIDE HIS
SHIP SOMEWHERE! THEN I CAN CAPTURE
HIM WITH MY SUPERIOR STRENGTH!
I'LL LAND ON SOME HUGE WORLD!



PRESENTLY, ON SATURN...

THE GRAVITY HERE IS SEVERAL
TIMES THAT OF EARTH! I CAN
RUN--BUT YOU CAN'T EVEN
CRAWL! HAAA!

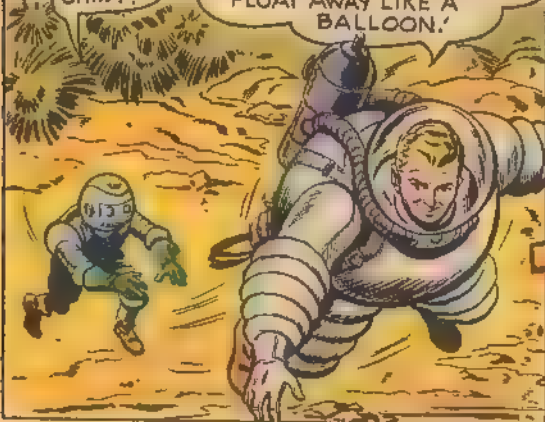
GASP!... I WEIGH A TON
HERE--CAN'T MOVE AN-
OTHER STEP! IF I DON'T
GET BACK TO MY SHIP,
THE ROBOT CAN TURN
AND ATTACK!



AS ROBOTCROOK STALKS BACK, READY TO SEIZE TOMMY...

I'LL DESTROY YOU WITH MY OWN METAL HANDS... UH...??

NOT IF I SUDDENLY RELEASE EXTRA AIR FROM MY TANK, INFLATING MY RUBBERIZED SPACE-SUIT, NOW I CAN FLOAT AWAY LIKE A BALLOON.



REACHING THE SAFETY OF HIS SHIP, TOMMY HEADS FOR EARTH'S MOON...

I'LL CHANGE TACTICS AND RAM YOU! YOU CAN'T SURVIVE THE CRASH AS I CAN!

MY RADAR SHOWS WHAT I SUSPECTED--A SHINY ROBOT FORM LOST ON THE MOON, NOW TO LEAD MY METAL FOE INTO A TRAP!



PRESENTLY, AFTER TOMMY LANDS AMONG THE WILD MOON CRATERS...

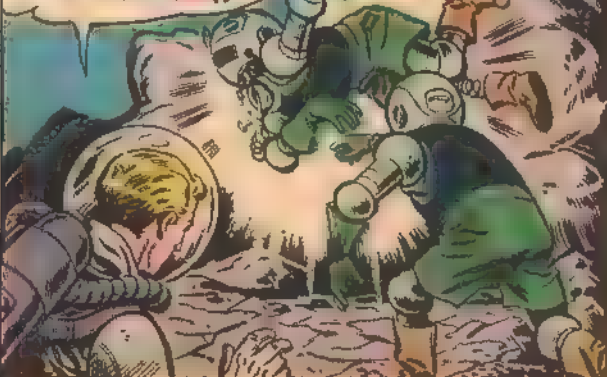
TOMMY! I THOUGHT I WAS MAROONED HERE FOREVER! AM I GLAD YOU FOUND ME.

NOT AS GLAD AS I AM, ALARM! I NEED HELP AGAINST ROBOTCROOK! HE'LL BE LANDING HERE IN SECONDS!



SOON, THE TWO POWERFUL ROBOTS CLASH!

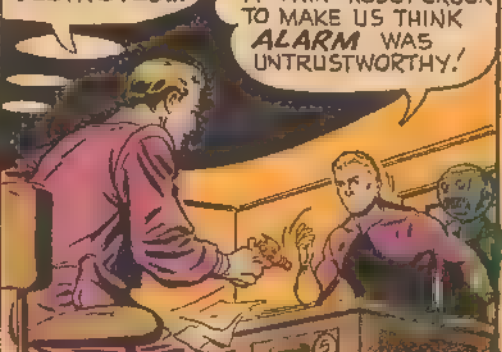
ALARM WINS, TRAINED IN PLANETEER FIGHTING STYLE! THAT'S THE END OF HIS IMPOSTOR!

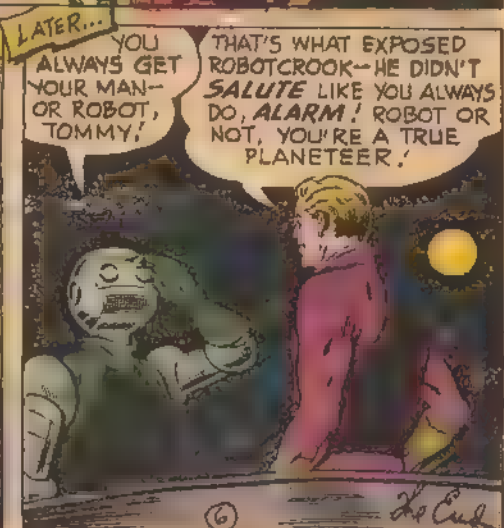
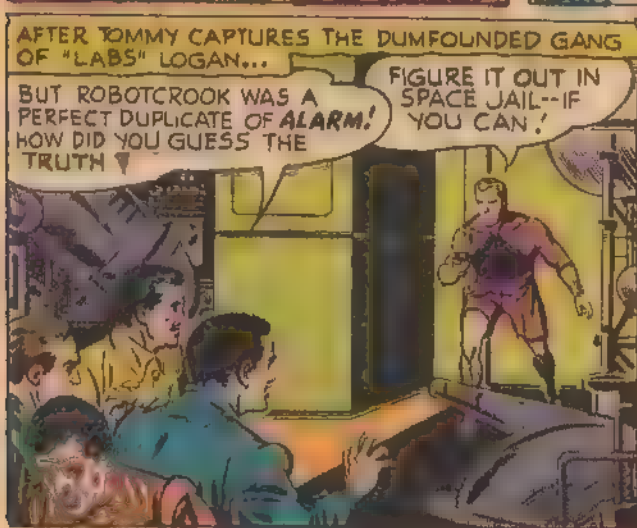
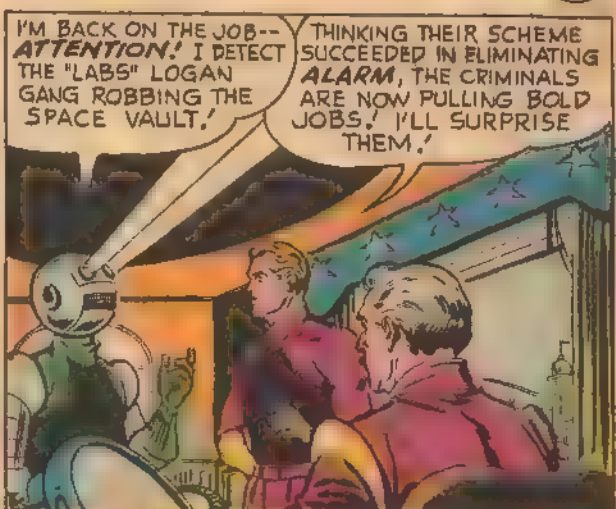
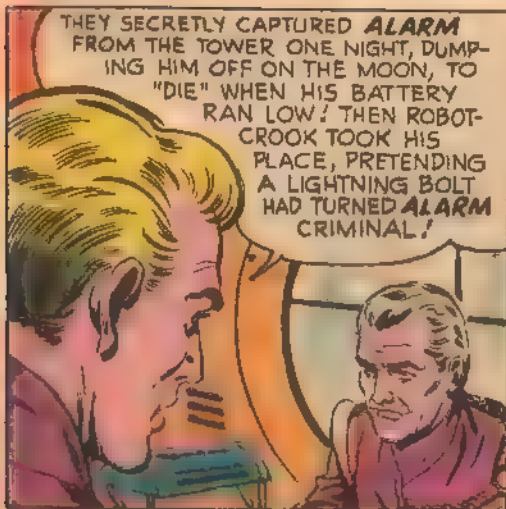


BACK AT HQ, TOMMY EXPLAINS...

YOU BROUGHT ALARM BACK! SINCE HE WENT BERSERK BEFORE, HE MUST BE DESTROYED...

WAIT, CHIEF! ALARM WAS INNOCENT! YOU SEE, CRIMINALS BUILT A "TWIN" ROBOT CROOK TO MAKE US THINK ALARM WAS UNTRUSTWORTHY!





STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1932 AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 19, United States Code, Section 2251) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF
ACTION COMICS, published Monthly at Sports, Illinois for October 1, 1955

1 The names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., Managing Editor, none, Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2 The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc., H. Donerfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Samplinger, G. Donerfeld, R. Liebowitz, S. U. Samplinger, J. S. Liebowitz & A. I. Menin as Trustees for J. Donerfeld and S. Donerfeld, A. I. Menin & J. I. Gorkin as Trustees for L. Liebowitz and J. Liebowitz, A. Donerfeld, F. Iger, H. Donerfeld Foundation, Inc. (a non-stock corp., H. Donerfeld, Pres., A. I. Menin, Sec'y.), J. Donerfeld, S. Iger, all at 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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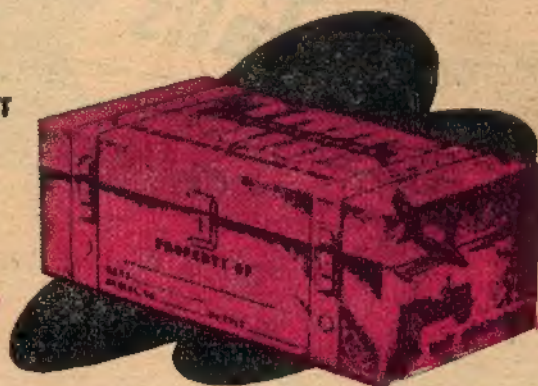
J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this
23rd day of September, 1955.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 30, 1956)

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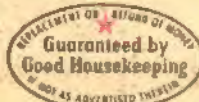
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